

beg by e_ddie

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Anal Sex, Daddy Kink if you squint, Dom/sub, How Do I Tag, M/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, i hate this, tiny bit of rope bondage

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Summary:

there's not enough byler smut so here you go lol (aged up to 27)

beg

the room was dim, candles lit and lavender incense burning; the colored fairy lights strung across the bed frame emitted a soft red glow and illuminated the room, giving off a warm and comforting aura. will was lying on his back, spread out on the navy blue fleece bed sheets. his eyes were sealed shut and his kiss swollen bottom lip was currently caught between mike's teeth, who was hovering above him, his knees on either side of will's hips and will's hands tangled in mike's hair. his eyes blinked open and a sigh escaped his lips as mike pulled away, desperate and already aching for more. will already knew he wouldn't get it, mike was the self-proclaimed king of teasing and would tease him for what felt like hours on end before he actually gave into will's pleas.

will pondered whether or not to say something, knowing it wouldn't get him anywhere and knowing it would only urge mike to continue the tantalizing torture. he decided to be stubborn, making mike work really hard to get a sound out of him, he wouldn't let him have it easy this time. at least that's what he thought he would do, but it was becoming increasingly more difficult as mike kissed his neck and nibbled on the sweet spot behind his ear, making will shiver. mike lowered his hips down onto wills, pressing their crotches together. he smiled against will's neck when he gasped, outsmarting will's all-too-obvious attempt to be unresponsive. will gripped mike's shoulders and furrowed his eyebrows,

"please, michael," he quietly whined. mike bit down harder on will's neck, causing him to jump.

"please, what?" mike taunted, voice gravelly and breath hot against will's neck. will let out a shaky sigh, placing his hands on either side of mike's face, pulling him closer and attaching their lips. they kissed sloppily at first, but they slowly found a steadier rhythm as their lips moved together, pulling away every few moments to catch their breath. mike kissed will hungrily, his tongue moving with will's now. he trailed his fingers down will's clothed torso, his hand finding its way in between will's legs. he palmed will through his sweatpants, pulling their faces apart and looking down into will's eyes with a

nonchalant yet penetrating stare that will swore would kill him one of these days.

"hm?" mike hummed, cocking an eyebrow and fighting off a smirk. will softly groaned as he felt himself getting hard under mike's touch. waiting for an answer, mike stopped moving his hand, placing it on will's upper thigh. will grunted out of frustration, not knowing whether to be angry or aroused.

"please, daddy. . ." will barely whispered, closing his eyes. mike smiled again, going back to rubbing will through his pants. will let out the smallest whimper, bucking his hips up into mike's hand ever so slightly.

"does that feel good?" mike teased, a shit-eating grin plastered to his face, taking pride in how easy it was for him to get will worked up. as much as will hated to fuel mike's ego, it was undeniably true. will was practically putty in his hands, mike had an effect on him that he couldn't even begin to explain. mike began to slide his hands up will's abdomen under his sweater, pushing the soft cotton material up to his collar bones, leaving his pale midsection on display. he gently feathered his long fingers across will's ribs, tracing the hills and valleys of the faint protruding bones. he gazed down at the work of art that was will's body, as if inspecting every mole, freckle, and faded scar that lied upon it. a chill was sent down will's spine when mike lowered his head, his breath barely ghosting over will's nipple before taking it into his mouth. mike let his teeth scrape across the sensitive bud, relishing in will's hushed moan, absolutely music to his ears.

"let's get this off of you, yeah?" mike said, prompting will to lean up a bit as he pulled his sweater the rest of the way off. will softly fell back onto the mattress after mike slipped his sweater over his head, his hair bouncing and falling, spreading out against the pillow beneath him. mike stared at will for a moment, appearing to be deep in thought when will cleared his throat with a small giggle to snap him out of it. mike broke character, his dominant demeanor fading for a mere second when he chuckled and rolled his eyes. he threw his leg over will, finding his balance as he rose from the bed. will was confused for a moment when mike walked out of the room, but decided against saying anything as he knew mike was probably just

grabbing some lube or something of that sort. once mike was out of sight, he secretly reached his hand into his pants and stroked himself a few times, with no intent of telling mike he did so.

will's assumptions were half right, because when mike walked back into their bedroom and will's hands were back in their regular position, mike had two things with him: a bottle of lube, as he guessed, and a piece of silk rope.

"oh." will trailed off, smiling coyly while biting his lip as mike walked closer. mike stopped at the bed and crouched down so his face was level with will, who was still chewing on his bottom lip as mike leaned closer and pressed his lips to his ear.

"do you want to be good for me?" he whispered, causing will to tremble. will freed his lip from between his teeth before closing his eyes and nodding, unable to find the words to speak. satisfied with will's response, mike set his supplies on their nightstand and climbed onto the bed, finding his position hovering over will once again. will's eyelids felt heavy and mike's were half-closed when their noses were barely a centimeter apart, mike leaving a wet kiss to the corner of will's mouth. taking his precious time, mike slowly pressed kisses over will's jaw. will's breathing became a bit unsteady when mike kissed and softly nibbled at his pulse point.

careful not to lose his balance and collapse on top of will, mike grabbed the black rope from the nightstand, before sitting back and straddling will's lap.

"this okay?" mike inquired, confirming will was alright with this, as he leaned forward and took will's wrists in his hand. will whispered a quiet 'yes', assuring mike this is what he wanted. mike tied will's wrists to the slim poles on the headboard of their bed. he double knotted them, before tugging on will's wrists, making sure he couldn't break free unless mike untied them himself. with his arms now bound above his head, anticipation built up in will's veins.

admiring his work, mike leaned back and stared at will, appreciating the hickies he had left on will's neck and chest, fresh ones from just minutes before as well as fading ones from previous nights.

"my pretty boy." mike praised, beaming at the way will's cheeks went red and a small smile appeared on his lips, turning his head to the side in a poor attempt to hide his blush with his pillow. "i wish you could see yourself right now, sweetheart." will was always a sucker for praise. he loved when mike called him beautiful, whether it be in the bedroom, sharing their most intimate moments where mike would tell him between breathy moans how good he was doing; or in everyday life, when will was getting ready in the morning and mike would tell him just how pretty he looked and just how lucky he felt to have him.

mike worked his way down will's body, loving how will trusted him enough to give him control. he pressed his lips against will's hip bone, and slowly along the skin above the waistband of his sweatpants. will's stomach tightened at the feeling of mike's lips being so close to where he needed them most. he took the elastic band in his teeth and pulled it up, eyes dark and staring up at will when he let it escape, letting it snap against will's hips. will gasped for what seemed like the thousandth time that night. mike dipped his fingers in will's pants, not quite pulling them off but tugging on them enough to reveal the hem of will's black boxer briefs, coincidentally matching the satin rope that confined his wrists.

mike continued, sliding them down to right above will's knees, stopping to mouth at the tent in will's underwear. will whimpered, trying his hardest not to push back. mike smirked at the sound he pulled out of will, before sliding his sweatpants off all the way and discarding them on the floor. he quickly grabbed the bottle of lube and set it beside him on the bed for later. mike was sitting between will's now spread legs, gripping the elastic part of his boxer briefs and pulling them down. will lifted his hips off of the bed to ease the process along, it was a little awkward with his hands tied up, but that was completely forgotten moments later when mike licked his own hand and wrapped it around his length. he kept eye contact with will as he pumped him, making sure he was all the way hard before they did anything else.

mike took the base of will's cock in his hand, wrapping his lips around the head. will breathed heavily, every now and then letting out small whines and moans signaling to mike how good he felt. mike

took more of will into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks and humming an 'mmh' sound as if he was enjoying this just as much as will. it sent vibrations through will's body, causing him to mutter soft 'oh's' and curses under his breath.

will instinctively pulled at his restraints, needing something to grab onto, to no avail. he had a dilemma. one one hand, he found the fact that mike was in complete control insanely hot, but on the other hand he wanted more than anything to put his hands in mike's hair, pull his curls, and push his head down even further. will could barely move anything (with the exception of arching his back off of the mattress and curling his toes), because in addition to his hands being bound to the headboard, mike was also firmly holding down his hips, making sure he couldn't buck them up.

mike pulled off of will with a pop, replacing his mouth with his hand, licking his lips before speaking,

"you like that?" mike asked, quite redundantly, but will replied nevertheless.

"yes, oh-oh my god." he stuttered. mike took will into his mouth once again, bobbing his head with a gradually quickening pace. he swirled his tongue around the tip every time he reached it, noticing the way will's hips twitched each time he did so. this wasn't mike's first rodeo, he knew will's body well and knew exactly how to please him, which pretty much made him a master (as will would say) at giving head. mike loved to give and will loved to receive, which made for a perfect balance between them in their current situation. will was getting close, mike could tell, his thighs were starting to quiver and visibly having an increasingly hard time staying still.

as much as mike didn't want to pull will away from his orgasm, he didn't bring the lube for nothing. mike reluctantly pulled off of will, causing him to emit an inevitable whine of frustration. mike gave him an apologetic smile, throwing himself off of the bed and pulling his clothes off at record speed. will noticed that mike was surprisingly still hard and felt some sympathy, that must fucking hurt by now. (it did, but mike wasn't one to complain.)

in a rare act of desperation, mike untied will's wrists as quick as he

could, in order to change their position. will flipped himself over, elbows and knees pressing into the sheets with his head lightly pressed against a memory foam pillow. will waited patiently for mike, involuntarily swaying his hips side to side, looking for some friction. wasting no time, mike pumped some lube onto his fingers from the dispenser cap. he rubbed them together, warming the cool liquid between his digits. he slipped his middle finger into will's entrance with ease, tilting his head slightly with confusion.

"you fingered yourself?"

"this morning." will confirmed, "while you were at work."

mike made an 'ah' sound followed by a slow nod. he was relieved to know the process could move along faster, thanking the gods that will had some alone time today. a bit slower and more careful this time, he pushed his index in along with the other, pumping them in and out to make sure will was all the way ready.

a mere two minutes and one finger later, will was already prepped, to mike's surprise.

"i think you're good now, actually." mike said. will nodded, pushing back against him. "thank god" he breathily laughed. will grunted, as if to say *hurry the fuck up mike*, so he did. mike pulled his fingers out of will before wiping them off on the bedspread, picking up the bottle of lube again. he pumped a generous amount onto his fingers and rubbed it on his palm, spreading it over his length. mike hissed at the contact of the cold liquid, he felt pretty sensitive since he hadn't received any stimulation yet. he slicked himself up, simultaneously relieving his own pent up pressure while ensuring he wouldn't hurt will.

mike lined himself up with will, soothing a warm hand up and down will's spine as he began to push into him. the process was, for the most part, painless. will felt a faint sting from the wider stretch, but it wasn't anything he couldn't handle. either way, the sting was the last of will's worries when mike reached his hilt. moans oozed like honey from will's lips as mike began to thrust into him, his eyelashes like the wings of a butterfly when they fluttered shut. mike's body felt hot all over, but the warmth of his face stood out the most. his cheeks

resembled beets in the way they were flushed red, although it was hard to tell with the crimson glow of the lights that covered both of their bodies. a small bead of sweat rolled down mikes forehead as he thrust in and out of will, his heart picking up speed and his moans driving will crazy in the best way possible.

will's head sank further into the pillow when mike went deeper, the plush material engulfing half of his face as mike reached his hand over to push will's head down. mike fucked into him fast and hard, he had a perfect angle that allowed him to hit will in all of the right places. will practically cried out in pleasure, he felt pure bliss. it was perfect for more than one reason. it wasn't just the obvious, of course the sex felt good, of course two boyfriends would enjoy making love to eachother late night after a long day. it was the fact that will trusted mike enough to be completely and utterly vulnerable to him, allowing mike to make every move and being under his command, that made it perfect.

with a slight change in angle and a lift of will's hips, mike found the bundle of nerves inside will that made him scream. will arched his back further, his eyes screwed shut and lips parted.

"i'm close, will." mike warned, will only hummed in response as he couldn't seem to form words.

mike pulled out of will, impelling him to flip himself over and lie on his back once again. mike stroked himself quickly and will mirrored his actions, taking himself into his own hand. mike replaced will's hand with his own, and will did the same to mike. they pumped eachother quickly, helping eachother chase their climax with hushed moans and incoherent curses. mike meant to warn will again, he really did, but before the words could come out he was spilling over will's fist and stomach. mike stilled for a moment with a deep and cracked sigh as he came, without even realizing will was nearing his orgasm as well.

it only took will a good ten more fast strokes while flicking his wrist before he finished, he came onto his own stomach where mike just had moments before. he breathed heavily, both of their racing hearts began to slow down back to a normal rate. mike, being the gentleman he is, took on the job of retrieving some wet wipes from

across the room. he opened the package and took a couple out, wiping will's stomach clean.

"ew" will jokingly muttered at the sight of mike wiping his stomach down. mike playfully rolled his eyes back (*"shut up, you literally just had my dick in your ass."* *"be quiet, wheeler, and come cuddle me."*) mike chuckled after throwing the dirtied cloth into the trash bin next to their bed, crawling next to will in bed. mike pulled a knit blanket over them, lacing his fingers with will's and tangling their legs together. the sweat cooled and dried on their bodies as they laid on their mattress. will pressed his face into mike's neck, and every once in awhile mike would press a soft kiss to will's forehead, running his fingers through his hair. their breathing fully steadied as they fell into a deep sleep, feeling content.

(worn out too, but content nevertheless.)

Author's Note:

i know this sucks, i originally posted this on wattpad but someone's suggested i post i think here as well.